

HIS PRIZE STORY.

It was a winter's evening, bleak and cold. Snow had been falling all day in London, and the streets were consequently covered with mud and slush.

A pedestrian tramped along the wet, slippery pavement without feeling any inclination to grumble at the weather. His blue eyes were shining with delight, and his hard, round hat was pushed back on his curly brown hair, as though, in the excitement of some pleasant thought he had found its weight oppressive.

He walked along the Strand until he came to Wellington street, when he crossed Waterloo bridge, and eventually, turning down a poor little street, beyond Waterloo station, he stopped at the third house in a row of dilapidated buildings, and, letting himself in with a latchkey, dashed up the stairs and burst impetuously into a room on the third floor, crying out:

"Good news, Muriel—the best of good news! My story has been accepted."

"Oh, Jack, is it true? How thankful I am."

"We shall get along swimmingly now, darling! You shall go to Brighton or Hastings for a week with Lulu, and get some color into those poor, pale cheeks," and John Taylor stooped to kiss his wife's delicate face and caress the golden hair of which he was so proud. They were lovers still—those two, although they had been husband and wife for nearly three years.

"Tiss me too, daddy—tiss Lulu," interrupted a sweet, childish voice, and a small maiden toddled across the room.

Jack caught her up in his arms, seated her on his shoulder, and galloped and pranced round the room, in imitation of some warlike steed, until he was out of breath.

"Jack, darling, when will you get the prize? Is it really eighty pounds? How wonderful that you should have won it when there are so many competitors," Muriel said, presently.

"Don't decry my literary powers, Muriel. I am afraid my repeated failures have made you distrustful," laughed Jack. "Let us hope this is the beginning of better times. I may yet become a 'shining light' in the literary world. As to the prize, of course, it is £80. I will read you the advertisement again."

It was a well-worn scrap of paper which Jack took from his pocket-book, and from which he read aloud:

"The directors of the North London Temperance society offer a prize of £80 for the best temperance story, showing the value of personal abstinence, and the misery and crime caused by intoxicating drinks. The competition is open to all. For further particulars apply at the society's office, Strand, W. C. In the ordinary course of events, I should have had to wait until to-morrow to know my fate," went on Jack, "but Harry Balfour, my old college chum, is secretary to the society; and knowing how anxious I was, he managed to ascertain yesterday the name of the prize-winner. You can imagine my delight, darling, when he told me that I was the lucky man."

"By-the-by, Jack, you have not told me yet what all these parcels contain," said Muriel presently, "and my curiosity will not be controlled any longer. I have not seen so many up here for a long time."

"Well, Muriel," and Jack laughed gayly, "I thought as I had earned £80 we could afford to be 'gay and festive' for once. Here you see," proudly indicating the parcels, "all the materials for a night of revelry—pork sausages, floury potatoes; two bottles of Bass—I wonder what the directors would say to that—a Vienna loaf, and lastly, some grapes for that troublesome cough of yours."

Muriel was preparing supper, and the shabby room looked quite cozy by the light of the lamp. The faded red curtains were drawn across the window, a white cloth was laid on the table, and the common plates and glasses were arranged with a dainty precision which did Muriel credit.

What a happy supper it was! Surely since pork sausages were invented none have been fried so beautifully brown; no gravy ever so deliciously made; no potatoes been so white and floury! Such a supper is fit for the gods—at least, when the sauce of happiness and hunger accompanies it.

The £80 had come most opportunely, for Jack's little patrimony was exhausted; he had only an uncertain engagement on the staff of a third-rate evening paper, and no help could be expected from Muriel's father, who disowned his daughter when she ran away with—to repeat the old gentleman's words—"that good-for-nothing scribbling fellow, who was brought up in such an extravagant style, sir, and then left with a few paltry hundred pounds." Jack says that now he will be able to devote some time to his novel, upon which he has been engaged for some months, instead of being driven by stern necessity to write nothing but "pot-boilers." When the clock struck 11, the light was put out, and soon no sound was heard in the room but the quiet breathing of the happy sleeper.

Breakfast over, Jack hurried away, for he was anxious to receive his prize money as soon as possible.

"Sit down, Jack, and have a look at The Times for five minutes," said Harry Balfour when the two friends had shaken hands. "I have one or two little matters that must be attended to at once."

It did not appear as if Balfour could attend much to the business he mentioned, for his glance wandered continually to his friend's bright face, and he pushed his papers about with a nervous, impatient hand.

"Is this eighty-pound prize a great matter to you, old fellow?" he asked Jack at last.

"I should think it is, Harry! My wife has been awfully seedy lately—London never agrees with her, but I could not afford to send her to a week with Lulu, and have everything the doctor orders. Yes, indeed, it is a godsend to me in every way."

Balfour uttered an unintelligible ejaculation, and, after a moment's gloomy silence, roughly pushed back his chair exclaiming:

"It is of no use; if I think till to-morrow I shall never find an easy way of telling you."

"What is there to tell, Harry? Don't make a fellow nervous," said Jack, trying to laugh. "You don't expect me to believe that the society is bankrupt, and that I may whistle for my money?"

"I have been a confused fool, Jack! I don't know whether you will ever forgive me, but I can never forgive myself. When one of the directors told me that 'Taylor' had won the prize, of course I thought you were the lucky man, and told you so; instead of that—instead of that—"

And here Balfour stammered and hesitated.

"Well, out with it, for heaven's sake!" cried Jack harshly, and all the life and brightness died out of his face.

"There is another 'Taylor' among the competitors, and he is the winner of the prize. I did not know of this until late at night, when the directors gave me a check for £80 in favor of 'George Taylor.' No one could be more grieved than I am, old fellow. I would have given £30 for it not to have happened. I ought to have been more careful."

Jack answered nothing. The blow had fallen so unexpectedly that, for the moment, it stunned him. He tried to pull himself together, but there was a dazed look on his white face, and his limbs trembled under him as he rose to his feet, anxious to get away.

"Don't go like this, old man. You have had a nasty shock. Sit down a little while and steady yourself. I wish I could walk home with you; but there will be so many people in and out this morning that I can not possibly leave. Let me send for a cab! No! Well, if you would rather go"—as Jack moved impatiently towards the door—"I won't detain you; only—stop a moment, Jack. I am afraid of offending your confounded pride—but won't you—can't I?"—and Balfour waxed eager and incoherent—"be your banker for a time! You would be doing me a kindness, as I might not feel such a brute then as I do now."

"Many thanks, old fellow; but that cannot be. Let me keep my independence as long as I can. Don't blame yourself for what has happened," and Jack held out his hand; "it was only a mistake."

Out in the Strand again; but how changed everything seemed since an hour ago! The world is a dreary place when the sunshine is gone from our heart and hand and brain are weary of striving and pining, when all seems of no avail. As in a dream, Jack turned his footsteps homeward. He looked so white and broken down that a few pitying and curious glances were directed at him; but no one had time, or, perhaps, inclination, to bestow much sympathy on a stranger. In this world, the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, and our weak and unfortunate brethren meet with scant pity.

Half way over Waterloo bridge Jack felt he must rest awhile, for he was faint and tired. His breakfast had been a small one, for he was eager to get away; and now want of food and the excitement he had gone through were telling upon him. He seated himself in one of the recesses of the bridge, and crossing his arms on the stone balustrade, looked down on the cold, gray river. No money; no chance of work that would bring in more than a few shillings; a delicate wife and child to provide for—what was he to do?

How quietly the barges were floating down the river! A little bright sunshine dispersed the early morning fog, and Jack gazed down and listened to the cooing voice of the river, whispering of rest, peace and forgetfulness; and as he listened, shadowy arms seemed to rise out of the water and to beckon him down.

Would it not be best for his dear ones that he should slip quietly out of the world? Muriel's friends would care for her and the child, if he were out of the way. Ah, but would anything comfort Muriel for his loss? Jack could not pretend to think that she would be lightly consoled. The tender heart which had clung to him through good and evil, could he bear to break it? No, however hard life may be, for her sake he must work and struggle on; perhaps some day he will see light in the darkness.

Jack turned from the river, ashamed that he could have thought for one instant of flinging his life away like a coward. His limbs were aching and trembling from the cold; for nearly an hour he had sat exposed to the bitter weather. He longed to get home now. Muriel's arms would enfold him the more closely in his desolation, and Muriel's warm kisses would fall on his face, and lighten somewhat the heavy load that was pressing on his heart. And Lulu—dear little Lulu, and the shabby, homely room! What a desire he had to get back to them all; and they seemed so far off still, for only slowly and painfully could he drag himself along.

He reached Waterloo station. He was nearly home now. He attempted to cross the road; at the same time a hansom cab dashed out of the station. Jack heard a warning cry, but stood helpless and confused, not comprehending his danger. There was a loud exclamation of horror, and then a little crowd gathered round a motionless figure which was lifted gently on a stretcher and carried to the nearest surgery. The doctor was at home, and after a keen glance at the deathly face and careful examination of the crushed, impassive body, he turned to the bystanders and said:

"I can do nothing here. The poor fellow is dead."—Philadelphia Call.

Circumventing the Hat Fiend.
A new member of the New York stock exchange who has to pass the ordeal of initiation never knows what is to happen to him. He is just as likely to be stood upon his head without a moment's warning, or to have his clothes torn into ribbons, or to be carried bodily into the closet under the stairs, and left there until half suffocated. Usually the first intimation that the ceremonies have begun is when the victim's hat is either sent flying toward the ventilator or crushed over his ears.

In the history of the exchange W. R. Whitmore is the only man who successfully circumvented the hat fiend. His bold demeanor on entering the room on his first day almost paralyzed the wags. They did not know what he meant. "Give him one," suggested John Bloodgood. "Mash the floor!" whispered Dick Murphy, and sitting the action to the word he brought a big brawny fist down on the top of Whitmore's plug. He immediately repented. The novice had neatly arranged a battery of inverted tacks in his hat, and the venturesome hater thought he had tackled a porcupine. Whitmore was let severely alone for the rest of the day, and his sobriquet is now "Tacks."—New York Star.

A New Rope-Making Machine.
A Manchester (Eng.) firm has just completed a new rope-making machine, which, whilst enabling any lengths of ropes to be manufactured, dispenses entirely with any necessity for a rope-walk. The complete machinery does not occupy a floor space of more than three yards square, and is very simple both in construction and working. The yarn is wound on a series of bobbins, and the whole process of manufacture is finished on the machine, the ropes being transferred direct to a drum, on which it is wound in coils ready for delivery. The machine can be readily regulated to give any twist or hardness to the rope that may be required.—Boston Transcript.

Dog fights in Boston are called canine controversies.

General Advertisements.

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FILTER PRESSES, IRON TANKS
STEEL RAILS, (Various Sizes.)
FENCE WIRES,
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Vienna Furniture,

And a Large Variety of other Goods too Numerous to Mention.

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Consisting in part of

Family Flour, Germea, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Cracked Wheat, Breakfast Gem, Dupee Ham and Bacon, Codfish, Lard, Smoked Beef, New Cheese, Eggs Cal. Butter, Dates, Raisins, Mustard Sauce, Sea Foam Wafers, Saloon and Medium Bread, Apples, Humboldt Potatoes, Wheat, Corn, Bran. Also a full line of Cal. Cracker Co.'s Crackers and Cakes. All of which are offered at lowest rates. All orders receive careful attention and prompt delivery.

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A. H. Smith & Co., Koloa, Kauai.
Union Fire and Marine Insurance Company of San Francisco.
11th Fire Insurance Company of Hartford,
The New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston.
D. M. Weston's Patent Centrifugal Machines.
The New York and Honolulu Packet Line.
The Merchants' Line, Honolulu and San Francisco,
Dr. Jayne & Son's Celebrated Medicine,
Wilcox & Gibbs, Remington and Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machi

THE DAILY HERALD.

To-day, September 1st, 1886, is issued the first number of THE DAILY HERALD, a morning newspaper, to be printed for the proprietor under contract by the "Press Publishing Company," Merchant street, Honolulu.

Price Six Dollars per Annum or Fifty Cents per Month.

All who receive a copy of the initial or any succeeding number are respectfully

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Business men are solicited to test the advantages of THE DAILY HERALD as an

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And ornaments of all kinds.

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SODA WATER,

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Aerated Waters of All Kinds,

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Our Goods are acknowledged the BEST. NO CORKS

WE USE PATENT STOPPERS

In all our Bottles.

287 We invite particular attention to our Patent Filter, recently introduced, by which all waters used in our manufactures is absolutely freed from all impurities.

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Careful attention paid to Islands Orders Address,

THE CRYSTAL SODA WORKS,

P. O. BOX, 397, HONOLULU, H. I.

Telephone No. 298.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Waihee Sugar Company.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

stockholders of the Waihee Sugar Company, held this day, the following persons were elected to office for the ensuing year:—

President, Col. Z. S. Spaulding.
Vice-President, F. P. Hastings
Secretary, Joseph O. Carter.
Treasurer, Wm. G. Irwin.
Auditor, Hon. James I. Dowsett.

J. O. CARTER,
Secretary Waihee Sugar Co.

Honolulu, November 8, 1886.

J. LYONS,

AUCTIONEER

—AND—

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Sacks Beans, White,
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SACKS POTATOES, BEST IN GUNNIES

Cases Necesses,
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Cases Medium Bread,
Cases Cracked Wheat, 10 lb. bags,
Cases Corn Meal, white, 10 lb. bags,
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Cases C & A Hams, Cases R. B. Bacon.

Cases Fairbank's Land, 3 lb. pail,
Cases Fairbank's Land, 5 lb. pail,
Cases Fairbank's Land, 10 lb. pail

Cases Whitney's Butter, in tins,
Half firkins Butter, Gilt Edge,
Quarter firkins Butter, Gilt Edge

Cases New Cheese.

Boxes and bbls. Salt Codfish,
Bliss Tierces Columbia River Salmon

Cases Laundry Starch,

Boxes Brown Laundry Soap

Pure Java Coffee, Roasted and Ground, 1 lb. tins
Sacks Green Coffee,
Cases Japan Tea, 1 lb. papers,
Cases Japan Tea, 1/2 lb. papers

Boxes Raisins, London Layers,
1/2 boxes Raisins, London Layers,
Boxes Raisins, Muscate

Drums Citron,
Boxes Currants,
Cases Chocolate.

Cases Mixed Pickles,
Cases Spices, assorted, all size

Sacks English Walnuts,
Sacks Soft Shell Almonds,

Cases California Honey, 1 lb. tins,
Cases King, Morse & Co's, fresh canned
Fruits, Jellies and Vegetables.
Bales Wrapping Paper, extra quality

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Best California Leather

Sole, Insole, Harness, Skirting and Uppers,
French and American Calfskins,
Sheep Skins, Goat Skins,
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